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COCK-A-DOODLE DOO!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

This question is frequently asked by the supercilious European, who can not understand how there can be a distinctive national type in a country settled by immigrants from many lands, and still kept open to immigration. "Your country," says the European, "has been settled but a couple of hundred years. How is it possible that there should be an American race, as there is an English race, a French race, a German race?" When you who read this page next meet that inquiring foreigner, answer him according to his folly.

It does not take a thousand years to make a national type. If it did, the map of Europe would be very different from the patchwork thing that it is to-day. The first English settlement in America was made in 1585. Within the one hundred years following, the settlers arrived who founded the nation that declared its independence in 1776. As a country, colonial and national, we are, taking the full stretch of time, three hundred and four years old. But if we calculate only from the time when the Dutch in New York, New Jersey and Delaware; the English in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, Virginia, and what are now known as Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and the Swedes in Delaware and New Jersey, were permanently domiciled, we may call ourselves two hundred and fifty years old. Is this old enough to make a nation? Let us see.

The England of 1316 thought herself English enough for all practical purposes. She had been fighting Scotland for two years to keep that country in the fold into which it had been gathered ten years earlier. She had conquered Ireland one hundred and forty-four years earlier. Thirty-three years before 1316 she had induced Wales to look at things from an English point of view. And yet this was only two hundred and fifty years after the English race, as we know it now, was founded by the mixture of Saxon and Norman blood that began with the reign of William the Conqueror. Of Saxon and Norman blood? Let us amend that phrase. To say nothing of the Scotch and Welsh and Irish, there was a deal of Roman and Danish blood mixed with that Saxon. Yet it was all English in 1316, when Magna Charta had been a vital political force for a hundred and one years, when Saladin had been conquered by the crusaders, when Parliament was firmly established, and when England was proud of her glory among nations. Two hundred and fifty years made a nation in this instance. It did not take that time to turn Gaul into France; and not one half of that time to make a German nation of the people who at the beginning of the ninth century were, with the French, subjects of Charlemagne. And the Roman Junius Brutus was not two hundred and fifty years removed from that first settler after whom, it is supposed, Rome was named.

We have had time enough to develop a national type. But we need not worry ourselves as to the time. We are not bound to observe any chronological etiquette in such matters. So long as the type is developed, it does not matter whether we took one hundred or one thousand years to develop it. The type has been developed. It exists: it is evident and unmistakable. There is such a man as "the American," and all the world knows him, and nobody mistakes him for the Englishman, although they both talk the same language. In tastes, in habits, in national inclinations and aspirations, there is a similarity; but there is also a radical difference that puts the two men apart in two different races.

This national type is strong enough to assimilate to itself all foreign types which fall fairly under its influence. The immigrant who comes to this country to make an American citizen of himself grows to be an American citizen by sheer force of assimilation. The power of the American idea, of the American sentiment, is so great that he insensibly absorbs it, it informs him; he becomes an American without knowing how thoroughly American he is until the occasion comes to test his loyalty to the American principle—and then he finds that, whether he wears a

German coat or a French hat or an English collar, he can feel and think only as an American. And however strongly old associations and old sentiments may affect him, he must transmit to his children a distinctly American impulse, which makes them, in the third generation, at least, Americans of the Americans, to whom no other nationality is more than the echo of a name.

A nationality like this is worth living for. Yet while it behooves every American, native or foreign-born, to be proud of his Americanism, he should remember that the credit of it lies in being true to American principles; not merely in being one of a nation of sixty-five or seventy millions of people. To be an American means something—or the name would not be worth the ink it takes to write it. Whenever we see or hear it used, it is worth our while to consider carefully whether it is rightly used or no. Any man—wise man or fool, good citizen or demagogue—can flaunt the American flag, denounce foreign nations and proclaim his loyalty to America. But that does not make him an American. We have to look to his deeds and to his conduct before we can believe him to be a loyal, honest, sincere citizen of the greatest republic of America.

There never was a time when there was more waving of the American flag, and—apparently—less of the genuine American feeling than there is now. It is a good time to make the distinction between real and sham Americanism. Let us try to find what real Americanism means, in a few important matters. It is not, certainly, American to assume American citizenship and to devote your whole energies to the service of a foreign country. It is not American to vote in this country and to work for the separation of Ireland from England. It is not American to undertake the task of assisting in the government of this country, while you mould your opinions and shape your actions so as to please a class of voters who are American only in name, and Irish in feeling and in conduct. It is not American to become the servant and humble adherent of such a class, merely to win its vote, that may elect you to office. We have no reason to be proud of the Americanism of the men in the national Senate who refused to pass a resolution of regret, on the death of John Bright, because it might offend the American citizens born in Ireland, with whom John Bright had dared to differ in political matters. They did not act as Americans when they slighted and insulted the memory of the best friend that America ever had in Europe.

Nor is there any genuine Americanism in attempting to impose laws upon the country that are intended to make men virtuous at the expense of their self-respect and their freedom of judgement. Nothing could be more utterly un-American than the principle involved in the "prohibition" system, which many men, who probably think themselves good Americans, are trying to foist upon the nation. Nor is there any genuine Americanism in the feeling that moves some ardent citizens to bring the whole nation to a standstill on Sundays, to stop the railroad and the mail service, to close museums and music halls, to rob the masses of their one day for recreation and education—a feeling that was natural where it began, in Cromwell's England, but that is utterly out of place in our land and in our time.

Let us be Americans, Americans born or Americans made. But let us, in the name of all that is sincere and honest, keep Americanism what our ancestors made it—something worth living up to. Let us despise, as equally traitors to the American idea, the foreigner who hides himself in the American flag to serve the ends of an alien people, and the born American who tries to limit our liberties by the restrictions of narrow prejudice and of sectarian ideas which the old world that gave them birth has long outgrown.

THE MELONIUM HAS COME.

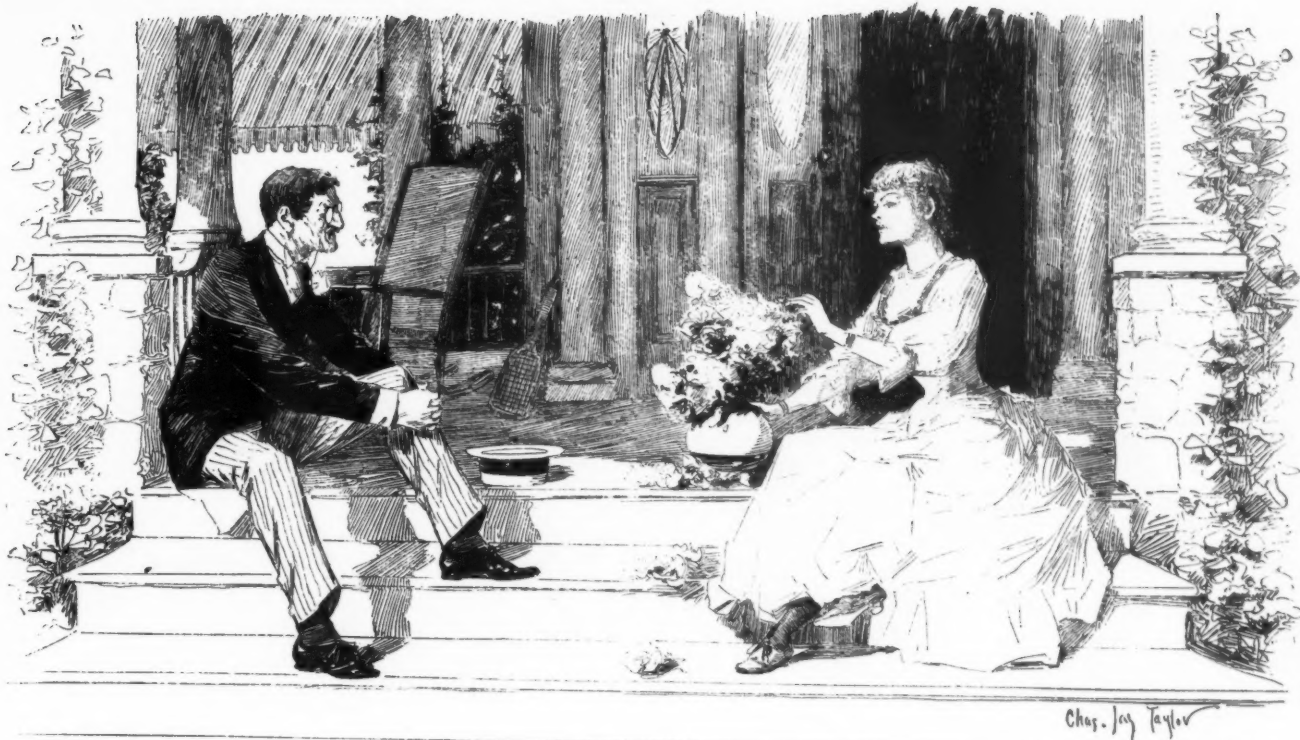
UNCLE REUB. — Well, ole 'oman,
I struck a stiddy job to-day.
Gwine have wuk clean up t'l
Fall, now.

AUNT DINAH. — Praise
de — how much yo'
gwine ter git?

UNCLE REUB. — Doan
git no pay. (*Whisper-
ing.*) Gwine wuk awn
er watermelon dock.

AUNT DINAH. — Praise
de Lawd! Praise de
Lawd!



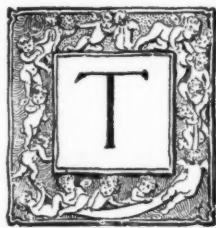


SHE PUT HIM RIGHT.

MR. OLDHAWK. — Ah, my dear Miss Chick, how like sunshine is the presence of a charming girl! How it illuminates the home! Would that I possessed such a treasure!

MISS CHICK. — Oh, to be sure, Mr. Oldhawk! Don't you wish you had married when you were young, as Papa did, and had a lovely daughter of your own?

A CLERGYMAN'S SONNET ON JUNE.



THE WORLD with blooming beauty now is bright,
Sweet hope and promise in all things I see;
Pathetic grows the cough assumed by me
To gain a furlough and the Isle of Wight;
I walk the odorous meads with pure delight,
Where the blithe lambkin gambols wild and free,
While I observe the dusty-belted bee
Into the waving lily sink from sight.
A rosy peace the day serenely fills;
The dimpled clouds lie still against the blue;
A benison lies on the land and sea.

Oh, June, whose generous flowers robe the hills,
Of all the months my favorite are you,
Sweet month of mating-song and wedding-fee!

R. K. M.

A CHICAGO QUARREL.

LAWYER QUIBBLE. — You, a doctor? Why, you could n't cure a ham!

DR. SAWBONES. — And you, sir; you could n't try a case of lard!

MERIT APPRECIATED.

DE CLARE. — I say, the residents of Suburbville are not civilized. Why, when Harry de Fyance went out there the other day they attacked him in the street, like madmen, without any provocation whatever. They battered his new silk hat, ruined that sack suit he —

DE SMYTHE. — Those people are in the vanguard of civilization, sir.

HEREDITY.

"What is the matter, Benny?" asked the President. "You look blue."

"I was wishing I was a man," returned the Baby, "so I could hold office, like the rest of the family."

SHE GOT "FITS."

MISS DE BOY. — How does my new tailor-made costume fit?

VINNIE GARR (with enthusiasm). — Perfectly. Why, it fits every angle!

TWO REASONS.

FRIEND. — What 's this I hear, Russ, about your moving to New York?

THE CROWN PRINCE. — Well, the climate of Montana does not agree with my lungs; and — and — they've had an election out there.

WOMAN'S RASHNESS.

MRS. JAWKINS (of New York). — If that dog next door does n't stop barking all night, I'll complain to the police!

MR. JAWKINS (in a terrified undertone). — Sh! Don't you know that his owner is a member of Tammany?

BROTHERS.

"Yes," said Oklahoma Bill, "fer a while I 'lowed it was all up with us. The bronchos was runnin' so fast that they almost spun the wheels offen the buck-board; but the wolves gained on us at every jump. Then, as a last desperate resort, jest as the ravenin' animals was surroundin' us, I took the stranger by the neck an' pitched him out. Jest as he lit, I heered him holler: 'I'm a real estate agent.'"

EAGER LISTENER. — Of course they tore him to pieces before your eyes?

OKLAHOMA BILL. — Nope! They all shook hands with him, called him "Brother," an' asked him how business was up in Kansas.

WE SHALL SOON have so many holidays that there will be no time to earn money to spend on them.

"WHAT STRANGE THINGS WE SEE," ETC.

MC SHOOTER (the cowboy). — "And [my] Winchester twenty miles away!"



IN A GERMAN RESTAURANT.

(At about 10, A. M.)



COME, IKEY, spread the table cloths,
it's getting rather late,
Put on the scarlet vinegar, put two
knives at each plate,
And Bismarck's picture quickly with
the turkey-feathers dust,
And wipe the cobweb off the eyes
of Kaiser Wilhelm's bust;
Then run around and get some
greens not withered to a droop,
And chop them up to put into the
pompernickel soup.
Come, hurry up! Come, hurry up,
it's after ten o'clock,
And for your swiftness you shall have
a schoonerful of bock!

Oh, my name is Gottlieb Spatzle,
And I know what I'm about
When I put the dates and raisins
In the purple sauerkraut!

My spinach is pronounced a treat; I have it every day,
All flavored with vanilla and the seeds of caraway;
And by each cautious customer my ducks are daily puffed,
And all because unto the brim they're with horse-chestnuts stuffed.
There is allspice in the pancakes, there are peaches in the stew,
And prunelles in the mustard for a choice and favored few;
In the solferino cabbage there are figs and butter-nuts,
And my patrons all are happy till the place at seven shuts.

Oh, Ikey, you're a bully boy, such swiftness you've displayed,
Now fly and get the German cheese that's up in Harlem made;
Then don your little paper cap and apron white and long,
And to the kettles whistle sing some playful German song.
But keep your eye securely on the Pommeranian duck,
And throw a pinch of cinnamon into the soup, for luck;
Then put the cat upon the bar, where all the same may view,
And with a rosy confidence imbibe the rabbit stew.

Come, Ikey, put a polish on the German-silver spoons,
And keep your eyes on the dessert, — the carrots mixed with prunes.
Here come some of my customers, all in a laughing group,
So pile your arms up to the eyes with plates of steaming soup,
And glide serenely 'round them with a very pleasant smile,
And I will stand behind the bar and draw the beer the while.
We will make them more than happy, with a dinner rich and nice,
Though there're nutmegs in the turnips and limburger in the rice.

Oh, my name is Gottlieb Spatzle,
And I know what I'm about
When I put the dates and raisins
In the purple sauerkraut!

R. K. M.

BUSINESS.

MRS. HAMONEG.—You must
be more prompt in the future,
Mr. Switchback. A boarding-
house must be run on business
principles!

JACK SWITCHBACK.—Very
well, Ma'am. My Railroad
Company pays me on the 15th
of every month for the preced-
ing month's work. How would
that suit you?

KILLING TWO BIRDS.

AUNT HETTY.—Well, Juliet, did you marry the man of your choice?
JULIET.—Well, I should smile! And I cut out Annie Wilkins, too.

"GREAT WIT to madness nearly is allied;" but if you would see a
perfect union, just observe the madness of the small wit as he
reads, "Declined with thanks."

ESAU SOLD his birthright for a mess of pottage, and left Jacob's estab-
lishment dead-broke. If there had been a waiter to fee, he'd have
gone out in debt.



IT HAD BEEN PICKED UP.

SWIPES.—Wot are you scraping around in dat mud for,
Raggles? Lookin' fur a smoke?

RAGGLES.—Naw; I heard a sport tell another cove
in front of de Hoffman, dat he dropped five hundred
down here dis morning, and I'm going to find it if I
have to scrape from de river to Trinity!

HE COULD N'T WAIT.

EVERARD.—Oh, Miss Bawstawn—Athenais, say you will be my wife!

ATHENAI.—Let us not be too hasty, my dear Everard. Remember
that the world is just now in the midst of an intellectual discussion of the
question, Is Marriage a Failure? If, after all has been said, the evidence
tends largely in favor of the negative side of the proposition, why, then
— then, I say —

(With a stifled groan and a wild grab for his hat, the young man
went out of her life forever.)

"SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS" — Keep them well covered with large
fruits, and sell basket and all.

THE BRONZED SAILOR, who lives on tack and junk on board an iron ship,
soon shows the hard ware of his occupation.

THE AGE of miracles has not yet passed away, for every
week the dead come to Life.

THE POLITICIAN's busy day is apt to
be a "buzzy" day.

SPOT CASH.—A Detective's Salary.



YACHTING ON THE SOUND.

MISS ATTERBURY.—For heaven's sake,
pull harder! They're capsizing!
GLEN COVE BOATMAN.—Hop over-
board, you fellers, an' I'll pick yer up!



(As he reaches them.) Now fetch a long breath, an'
try ter keep afloat 'till I shove th' boat off!

A HONEYMOON LETTER.

FROM JACK BENEDICK TO HIS CHUM.

—, June 24th, 1889.



DEAR TOM:

I find that in packing up my duds to send to the house I really forgot to pick out a lot of things which I meant to distribute among the boys. I don't want any of the fellows to feel that I left them without some little remembrance, for of course I can not see quite as much of them hereafter as I used to.

Please take enclosed keys and go up to the house. I think the paper-hangers are still there, so you won't have any difficulty in getting in. Look over my pictures carefully.

I think you had better have the two Hennes — you always liked them. Give Ned Ogden the three ballet pictures — they are about his style of art. Sam can have the statuette of John L.

I wish you would look carefully over my books. There are several which I am sure you would like. You might take away all the French novels, and perhaps you might find some deserving person to whom you could give them.

It is curious how one accumulates rubbish. You will find a lot of photographs in the upper right hand corner of my desk, with the combination lock on it. The combination is 7-23-19-11. You might as well destroy the photographs.

There is also in my desk, (small drawer under the pigeon-holes,) a white satin slipper. It is one of my aunt's, which she once asked me to send to her shoe-maker, and I forgot it. She might run across it some time and feel that I had neglected her commission. Perhaps you had better burn it up.

I hope the boys will all be pleased to have these little remembrances. If you happen to notice any thing else which in your judgement they ought to have, pick it out, and don't bother to write me about it. You may have my meerschaum pipe. I find I can not smoke a pipe any longer. I think it begins to affect my lungs.

We are having a splendid time. Please don't forget to attend to this little business at once, as I should hate to have any of the boys feel badly.

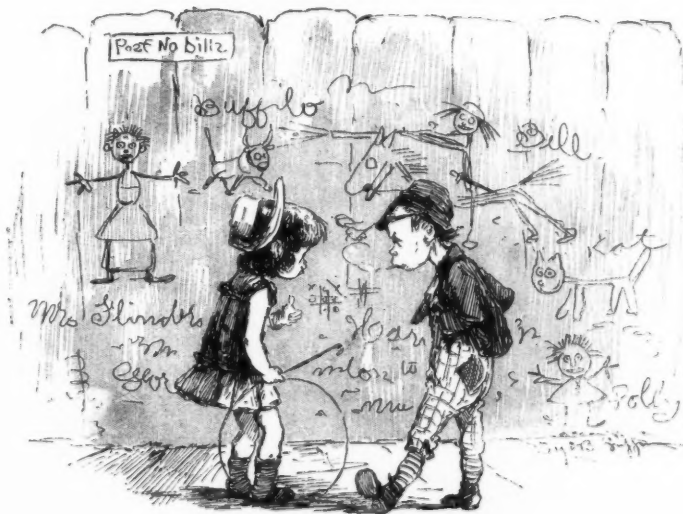
Don't take the trouble to write and tell me you have done it. Just scratch down on a postal: "Riding-boots will be ready Monday," or something of that sort, and sign it "Mulvany" or "Schmidt," or any thing.

Having a splendid time.

Yours ever,

JACK.

P. S.— Don't disappoint the boys.



THE DIGNITY OF ART.

LITTLE HOLLY FLINDERS.— Did you do dat scribblin' on my mudder's fence?

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.— Naw; what d' yer take me fur? I done der drawing.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

AMERICAN BOY.— Papa, the first Republican President was Lincoln, was n't it?

PAPA (with emotion).— Yes, my son, Abraham Lincoln.

AMERICAN BOY.— And the last Republican President is —

PAPA (wildly).— Stop! Stop! My son, please take another breath before mentioning that other name.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

THE WIDOW O'HARA (in front of a marble-yard, in which there is a fine granite monument).— What is it, raly?

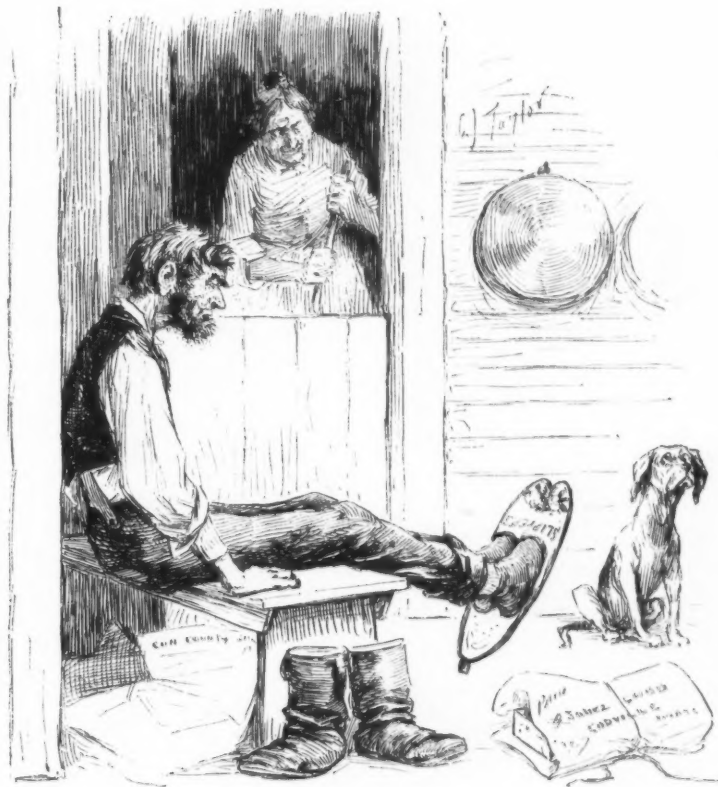
MR. SHAFTS.— That, Madam, is a Scotch granite monument.

THE WIDOW O'HARA.— Shure an' Oi tho't it was sassige-mate in a glass case.

A CONFIDENTIAL INTERVIEW.

NEWSPAPER MAN.— But I thought your organization repudiated assassination?

AGITATOR.— So it does — after the objectionable person has been removed.



NEW IN PODUNK.

UNCLE ABNER (regarding his city niece's present).— Wife, I'll bet four dollars them slippers was made fer some dood thet don't cross his legs!

FANGLE'S TRANSLATION.

MRS. FANGLE (reading the paper).— James, what does *mare clausum* mean?

JAMES.— I'm a little rusty in my German, but I suppose it means white horse. Is there any reference to a red-haired girl near it?

AN EVER-PRESENT DANGER.

"Yes, I like political life," said the candidate; "but, I tell you, you have to exercise such constant vigilance and sleepless care, in one way, that it keeps you perpetually nervous."

"To avoid being accused of dishonesty?"

"No, to avoid being accused of insulting the Grand Army."

A BASIS OF COMPUTATION.

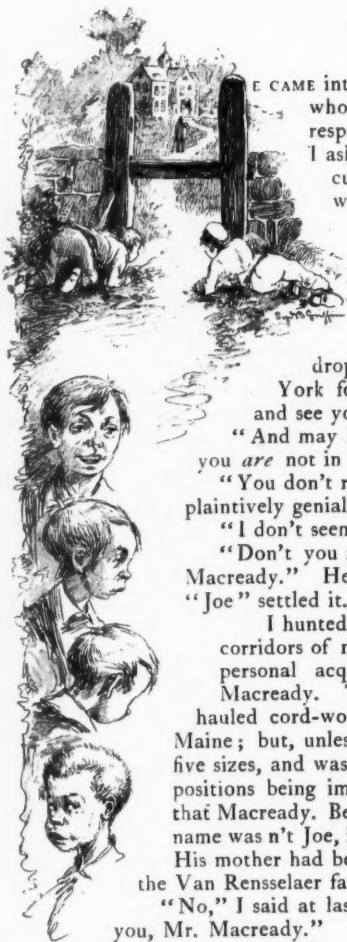
MISS LULU STRIKE (to LAWYER).— I want to bring legal action against a monster who has trampled on my affections.

LAWYER.— Ah, yes, that's natural, very. At how much do you estimate the damages to your lacerated feelings?

MISS STRIKE.— Well, he's worth \$150,000.



BOYHOOD'S FRIEND.



HE CAME into the office announced only as "a gentleman—who-wants-to-see-you-particular," and as he looked respectable and bore no outward signs of indigence, I asked him to sit down. He sat down, and looked curiously about him. Then he gazed at me with interest.

"You've changed," he said.

"May be I have," I said; "but I believe I'm the same man that you asked to see. Perhaps you'll tell me what I can do for you."

"Oh, certainly," he replied; "I just dropped in to see you. I have n't been to New York for 'most ten years, so I thought I'd stop in and see you while I was here."

"And may I ask," I inquired, "who you are when you are not in New York?"

"You don't recognize me?" he said, in a sort of plaintively genial way.

"I don't seem to," I replied.

"Don't you remember Macready? Joe Macready." He seemed to think that the "Joe" settled it.

I hunted back through the draughty corridors of memory; but I could recall personal acquaintance with only one Macready. There was a Macready who hauled cord-wood for me when I lived in Maine; but, unless he had shrunk four or five sizes, and washed himself—both suppositions being improbable—it was not that Macready. Besides, that Macready's name was n't Joe, it was Van Rensselaer. His mother had been a washer-woman in the Van Rensselaer family.

"No," I said at last, "I don't remember you, Mr. Macready."

"What!" he exclaimed, reproachfully, "you don't remember me? Why, I used to go to school with you."

I thought, "Ah, indeed?" was a proper thing to say here, and so I said it.

"Don't you remember Cattaraugus?" he demanded.

I remembered Cattaraugus.

"Don't you remember old Perkins's school?"

I remembered old Perkins's school.

"Don't you remember the night the barn burned down?"

I recalled the circumstance.

"Don't you recollect the boy who fell into the cistern?"

I thought I remembered that a boy had fallen into a cistern.

"That was me!"

I said "Ah?"

"Why," he went on, "you must remember those days. You can't have forgotten all that crowd." Here he looked about my office as if to see whether I showed any signs of being rich enough to afford to forget my old associates.

"You remember me now, don't you?"

I did remember him—that is, I remembered that there was a boy named Macready in the school, and I had no doubt that this was he. I remembered the Fridays when I was kept in, and had to copy the "reports" out of the school register—Mabie, Mabbitt, Macready, Miller—I remembered that much out of the "M's."

"Oh, yes," I said, as heartily as I could. "I remember you now, only I was n't expecting to see you. I—I—I had an idea—seems to me somebody told me you lived in Europe, somewhere."

I think from his look that he knew I was lying; but he was polite about it.

"I suppose you're pretty well settled in this line of business?" he inquired, again looking around him.

"Why, yes, I've been in it seventeen years or so."

"Oh," he remarked; and I felt that it was incumbent upon me to ask him in what line of business he might be.

"I'm principally in varnish, now," he replied; "I live in Cynthiana, Kentucky, you know. We used to do a good deal in oils; but the varnish business has kind of grown upon us, so that we've pretty well given up the general line of trade. You know how that is."

I said I knew how that was.

"Specialties pay," he observed.

I assented; but here the conversation languished until I asked him if he was married. He said he had been married twice, and had two

children. Then he wanted to know about my domestic affairs; but he seemed to have no use for the information after he got it.

"Seen Bates recently—Big Bates, you remember?"

I had n't seen Bates, I told him, big or little, in twenty years.

"Ever run across Cogswell?"

Cogswell had passed out of my horizon, I said. Then he was silent, and I thought that decency demanded that I should return his lead.

"Do you know any thing of—of—Peterson?" I asked, recalling Peterson with difficulty.

"Oh, yes," he responded, briskly; "Peterson got into some financial trouble in Selma, Alabama, and they sent him to States Prison for fifteen years."

After that, great chunks of silence drifted into my office, and after a while Macready seemed to feel the weight of the atmosphere.

"Well," he said, as he rose—and my heart warmed toward Macready as I saw him going—"I just looked in to see how you were getting on. If you're ever out my way, look me up."

"Thank you," I returned, as I grasped his hand; "I certainly will. And you'll come in and see me next time you're in New York, won't you?"

He said he would; then he looked at me as if, somehow, I had disappointed him, bade me good-bye and went out into the bitter wind of June.

I think I can live my life out without looking Macready up in Cynthiana, Kentucky. I feel sure he won't come in again and see me, even if my name is in gilt letters a foot high on the sign over the door. I am sure Macready is a good fellow, an excellent (and repeated) husband, and a kind father, and that he makes good varnish. But he must excuse me if the tender chords of memory don't twangle in my heart at the sight of him just because he and I were two out of the sixty or eighty boys herded at a mighty mean boarding-school in Cattaraugus, twenty-something years ago.

This boyhood's friend business does n't go well outside of books.

William Woglom.

EASILY PROFITABLE.

MISS SEGREEN.—I don't see how the ocean steamers can afford to transport people such a long distance, and board them, too, at such a low price.

MR. PEGREEN (*who has been across*).—Board does n't cost much.



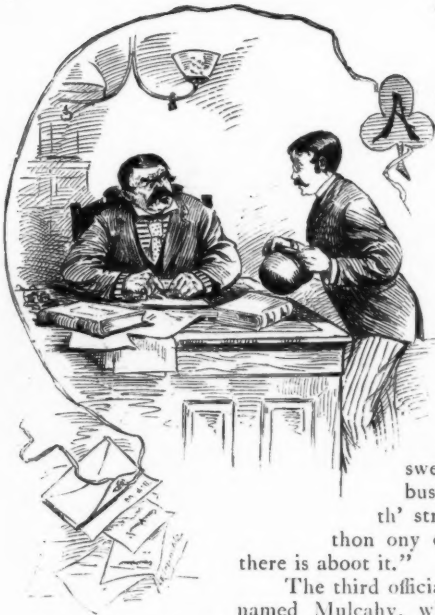
A WILLING INSTRUCTOR.

MYSELF.—You're not getting on very well, Michael?

MY NEW GARDENER.—I was sor, 'till Mashter Roger kem down. He wanted t' lear-r-rn th' shpadin' thrade, an' Oi t'ought it a shem not t' accommydate him, sor!



A NUISANCE.



NUISANCE in our neighborhood had become unbearable, and as I live in the city of wearisome distances, commonly called New York, I took a day off to attend to it. The first official I visited heard me with impatience, and dismissed me with the remark: "It's in th' wrong office yez are. Now be off wid ye, an' don't be worritin' me aboot the looks o' thot."

At the next place, the answer was: "Sure, it's not my business ter be luckin' afther th' strate yez live on, ony moor thon ony other strate, an' that's all there is aboot it."

The third official turned me over to a clerk named Mulcahy, who referred me to a clerk named O'Hooly, who showed me the door.

With the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, the result was about the same, and then I stopped for lunch. After leisurely refreshment I started out with renewed vigor, but with no better success.

One official was busily "ingaged"; another, "down forninst the battery"; another had no time "to be botherin' wid strates this dommed hot weather;" and another was just starting for an important "mating," though whether it was a grand wedding or a divvy caucus was not explained.

There was only one man left to whom I could possibly apply, and I was desperate. After some thought I decided on a plan of action. Returning home I donned a rough-and-ready rig, never used except when on country excursions, hunted up an old clay pipe, and on reaching my destination filled it with strong tobacco, lit it, took a drink of bad whiskey, and sailed in.

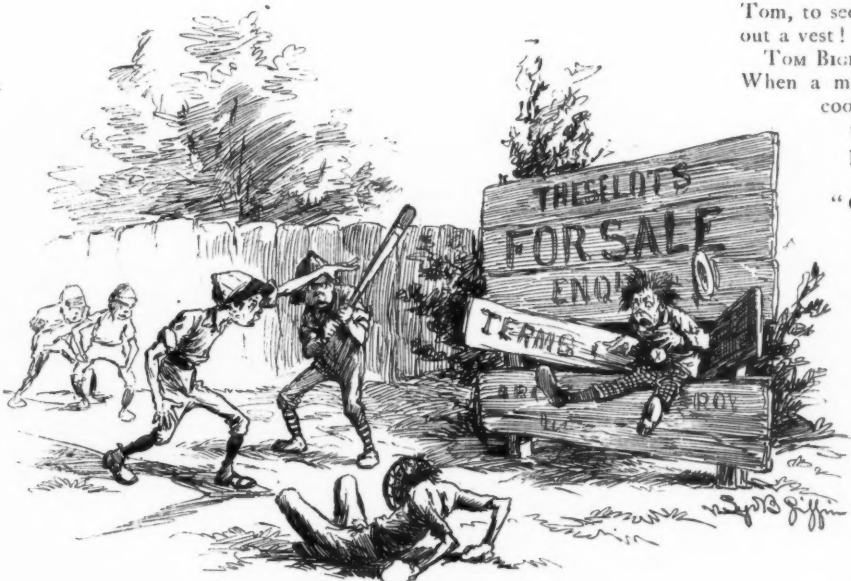
I was politely conducted to the representative of the people, stated my case to him in a rich brogue, with which my day's experiences had made me familiar, ending up with: "An' now be jabbers, it's me wants ter know if ye 'll have thot attinded to roight away?"

The great man smiled benignly, and unctuously answered: "Oi wull."

It was.

HARRISONIAN.

No pent-up Continent confines our powers,
The whole broad seal-skinned Behring's sea is ours!



THE RIGOR OF THE GAME.

EXCITED PITCHER (running in, to blasted umpire).—Say, Billy, how's dat? Yer ain't got der nerve ter call balls on dat, have yer?



AT THE ISRA-ÉLITE CLUB.

DINKELSPIEL (to the WAITER).—Get von bortion ohf mudden chops, mit two shmall Rhinevines, und der dice-box. Dis vas Misder Ickstein, mine vrent from St. Louie, who I vos enderdainin' in der citys.

THE GIRLS OF BROOKLYN.

MR. GRAMERCY PARKE (visiting in Brooklyn).—I suppose, if we take a walk in Prospect Park, we'll meet a lot of nice Brooklyn girls, eh?

MR. ST. JAMES PLAICE.—Oh, yes; the park is full of them on Sundays. They have a half day off, you know.

ROOM FOR PERSIAN POWDER.

"Why," inquired the President, sternly, "why have the newspapers so much to say about my family? In the worldly phrase, are there any flies on my family?"

"I think not," answered Lige, somewhat absent-mindedly; "but there are red ants on Russell's brain."

KEEPING COOL.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Aw, I'm quite shocked, Tom, to see you going around the streets without a vest!

TOM BIGBEE (wiping his brow).—Whew! When a man wears a flannel shirt to keep cool, Howell, he must n't wear any thing else that he can possibly dispense with!

"CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH."

OLD MR. MONEYBAGS (after the proposal).—You neither say "yes" or "no." Tell me, may I not hope?

MISS VIOLET (undecided).

—Well—er—Do not ask me for an answer to-night, but let it go just now, as a case of December and.—and—may!



A WOODLAND MELODY.

The fisherman sang in the mountain pass,
As he gaily went to the fishing-place,
And his thought and his song were both of bass.

AT JOHN WANAMAKER'S SABBATH SCHOOL.

"My dear little boy, I'm so pleased to see you poring over your catechism so diligently."

"Yes, 'm. Mr. Wanamaker says if I learn this lesson well, I need n't come next Sunday."

PUCK.



SABBATARIAN

UNCLE SAM. — Get out of the way, boys! This



ATARIAN OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

boys! This here nation can't stop one day in the week to please anybody.

J. Ottmann, Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N.Y.

THE NEW MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

Prepared Expressly for the Use of the Children in the White House.



Razzle dazzle, Tommy Reed;
High Protection's what we need.
Free tobacco, beer and rum,
And other blessings soon will
come.

'Rah, yah, whoop!
Grover's in the soup.

Who put him in?
Little Grandpa Ben.

When will he get out?
In '92, no doubt.

Oh, what a smart old chap is that,
To down a great big Democrat,
Who did the country lots of harm
By killing the rats in the public barn.



Note, note, 't is time to vote;
The floaters begin to arrive.
Some by ones, and some by twos,
And some in blocks of five.



There was a man in Augusta town,
On him there were no flies.
He jumped into a political bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.



And when he saw his eyes were out —
Oh, wondrous man from Maine! —
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

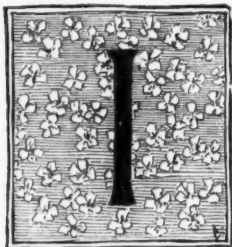


G. A. E.

There was an old President who lived in
Washington,
He had so many relatives, they nearly spoilt
his fun.
So he put them all in office with big salaries,
And sent them rejoicing to live at their ease.



A R. R. OFFICIAL'S REVERIE.



I AM A HIGH OFFICIAL of the picturesque P. D. Q., and I have to sigh as I think of the mountains and meadows, and rills and rivers that abound along our road. As I sit here at my lonely desk, looking out upon the brick walls of yonder twenty-four story building that shuts out the sky, my soul wanders far away to the Beaver Brook, where the trout lie in the hazel shadows; where the bobolinks bob gaily over the fragrant clover; where the wind plays madcap pranks on the trembling wheat; and the chipmunks chatter on the old but well-preserved pear-tree.

Even the rose Belinda pinned in my lapel this bright A. M., seems to fade like the pleasant dream of wealth in the glow of the electric light that is putting eye-glasses on all of us. All along our road the roses are just as beautiful and creamy. And about these vegetable jewels the humming birds and butterflies flutter, while the bee just sits down upon them, rolls up his sleeves and takes his time. There is no lovelier scenery in the country than that through which the P. D. Q. runs; and as I refer to our book of Summer homes, I long to be out of the noisy town, and away in the hay-scented meadows, where the cow snaps her tail like a fire-cracker, and brings down the pestiferous fly in the fraction of a jiffy.

But I can not fly away with the wings of joy to these sequestered bowers, where the enameled buttercup trembles in every breeze, and the Baltimore oriole supplants the Baltimore heater.

I can not take advantage of my position on the P. D. Q., and travel in and out upon an annual pass; for once I tried it, and my soul was cast down, and I had to abandon my neat little rose-bowered and syringa-perfumed cottage. With my cans and kettles I had to fly like a thief in the night. All the loveliness of my surroundings was as naught. Before I had been in the place a fortnight, every one knew me, and my very life became an aching void. For when I boarded the train in the morning, all the commuters would lift up their voices and say:

"Why don't you have a midnight train every night in the week?"

"Why don't you change the 8:30 express to 8:15?"

"Why don't you have more whist-tables on the smoker?"

"If this is such a fine road, as you claim, why don't you pay a dividend once in a while?"

"I should think you would have these windows oiled, so that a man could raise them without dislocating his collar-button!"

"If this is as fast as your express train can go, it is a wonder the grass does n't grow up on the track, and throw the locomotive off. Chess would be the game to play on this road!"

"This is a healthy road, anyhow, to keep a train full of business men waiting twenty minutes for a sloop-load of bricks to wallow through that drawbridge."

"The worst of your infernal railroad is the long ferry. Why don't you bridge the river?"

"Here we are, fifteen minutes behind time again! Why don't you start half an hour ahead of time, to avoid delays?"

And so my hair turned white, and my life became a burden; and

soon the moaning winds wailed through my empty halls, and what was lovely of my country career became my dreams in the city. You know now why I dream of the birches shimmering in the tranquil mere, and of the iris that describes a parabola over the effervescing cascade. I could n't live on my own beautiful P. D. Q., even if I rode on the locomotive. And that, gentle reader, is why I left New Jersey and fled to Brooklyn. O that I were a Long Island railroad official, for then I should have to leave Long Island and fly to New Jersey, and enjoy the bird note burbling through the dusk, and observe the evening star, white as a lily, sparkling upon the bosom of the night — through the most soul-satisfying of all telescopes, an upturned julep glass.

R. K. M.



KEEPING HER DOWN.

MRS. STRUCKITT (*who recently entertained a Count*). — Have you ever had any foreign noblemen as guests?
MRS. MANORBORN (*quietly*). — No; only as servants.

SUBURBAN FANCIES.

To 'scape the city's dust and din, and human multiplicity;
To find the rest we yearn for in suburban life's rusticity;

To break away from business cares; to close each day in calm complete;
On easy commutation fares to reach some sylvan-like retreat;



To spring from bed at five each morn, awaked
by feathered songster's trill,
While glistening dew sweet flowers adorn
that cluster 'round our window sill;

To pay a small deposit down; to own in
time a cosy home—
Just far enough removed from town to
make of life a pastoral po'm;

To dwell, in fact, in rural bliss—
Just fancy this.

To swallow real estate mens' guile, succumb to their tenacity;
To chuckle inwardly, the while, at our profound sagacity;

To find ourselves at length incased in cupola'd and mortgaged frame,
To leisurely regret our haste, and wonder why the deuce we came;

To learn the truth, alas, too late—this ideal life's been
overdrawn—
One can not really rusticate upon a twenty-five foot lawn.

No wild-wood, bowers, nor shady lanes—here vacant
lots alone abound;

'Twixt meeting notes and catching trains our life be-
comes a dreary round;

In solitude's confounded hush we linger on in deep
chagrin,
And hanker for the city's rush—with all its wick-
edness thrown in.

We miss the life—the moving throng, and things
sequestered places lack;

We sell our villa for a song—a sacrifice, but then
we're back—

Back to a five-roomed city flat——Just
fancy that!

R. F. Wilson.

LIMITED FACILITIES FOR TRAVEL.

"Say, Mister," he said to the ticket agent, "what is the best way to get to Pulaski, Mo?"

"Well, I don't know which is the best. There are four or five ways of getting there by rail. If you are in a hurry, you can save time by taking our road to Numkins, the P. S. R. & Q. to Talmage, change there to the C. C. M. & S., and go to Tompkins Corners; wait there for the lightning express on the L. M. A. R. and G. C. X. road, and then take the Lead Mountain road at Milligan for Pulaski. If you want to go over the roads having the best scenery, you want to leave our line at Dykins Station, and take the B. R. O. Q. & G. G. G. road to Caldwell, change there to the M. Y. and K. W. Switch-back—that will take you to Haller's Junction; then buy a ticket via the H. U. P. S. T. & M. L. road to Goss-town, where you can take the X. X. X. & I. trunk line through the celebrated Mossback Valley to Pulaski. Now, if you are looking for the route that affords the most ease and comfort for the traveler, you should travel to the end of our line at Learyburg, then take the steamboat on the Wright River to Crawfordsville, change to the L. M. N. O. P. & B. A. Z. road; that will land you at Baxter, and from there to Pulaski over the G. A. S. & T. A. line is only a short ride."

"Is them the only ways I can get

there, Mister? I don't travel much, and I want to go the best way."

"Yes, those are the only ways now; but in a year or two, as soon as they open three new roads now building, you can have your choice of seven different routes."

"I'm much obliged to you, Mister; I guess I'll wait. I'm going to get my money's worth if I don't get to Pulaski in ten years."

CLEWS IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO POLICEMAN.—
Shtop! Ye Dootch spalpane!
Oi saw ye wid me own oyes
murdherin' thot mon
wid an ax, an' ye've
got th' bloody ax
in y'r hand yit.

FLEEING STRANGER
(stopping).—Sure
now it's y'rself
ought ter know Oi'm
no Dootchman. Oi
waz only remov-
in' a traitor.

CHICAGO POLICEMAN.—Wull, Oi must do me dooty.
Be away wid ye as fasht as y'r legs can carry ye, but
lave the ax. Oi must have that fur a clew.

IT WON'T BE TOO LARGE THEN.

CUSTOMER.—I want to get a uniform made; and, say! I want you to make it about three inches bigger, every way, than I measure.

TAILOR.—That's a queer order. Want it for some theatrical business, I suppose?

CUSTOMER.—No, sir; I'm a drum-major, and I want it to wear on parade days.

THE FIRST MATCH made in heaven was Lucifer.

THE BURGLAR makes hay while the moon shines.

IF THE OFFICE should seek the man about this time, let him go direct to the ball grounds.

HOW MANY a man who thinks he has a literary taste, has only a taste for the taste of that Macaulay or other who laid down the laws to his youth!

A MILK SHAKE—When the Milkman Forgets to Call.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S ever-widening circle of relations reminds us more and more every day that all men are brothers.

GENEROUS TO A FAULT—The man who never corrects it.

WE TAKE NO STOCK in the rumor that the new Secretary has ordered a lot of navy plugs to stop the leaks in our war vessels.

STRANGE TO SAY, the only way to kill a law is not to execute it.

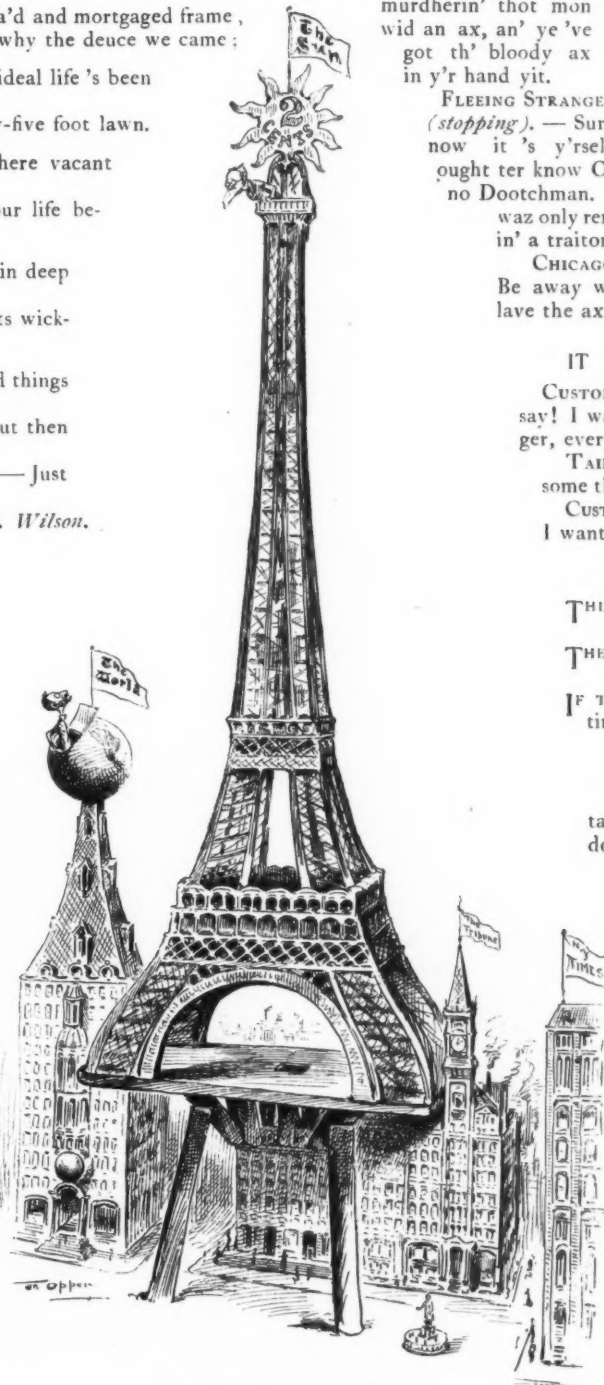
THE "TICKER" is a great moral instrument, and must not be suppressed. It transforms gambling into "business."

WHEN YOU can get a horse at a bargain, drive your bargain.



THAT WALKING-STICK.

It is Useful as Well as Ornamental.

A HINT TO DANA.
HOW TO KNOCK OUT HIS TALL RIVALS.

Wait till the Paris Exposition is over, and then buy the Eiffel tower and use it as above.

IN Peace prepare for War!

GUARD AGAINST THE SUDDEN
CHANGES PREVALENT NOW, BY
USING

**FRED. BROWN'S
GINGER** * *

WITH HOT WATER AND SUGAR.

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS

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Best in the world. Examine his
\$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
\$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
\$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE.
\$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
\$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

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Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.
If any dealer says he has the W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES without
name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not
sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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1873.

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Manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes,
Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and re-
tail, 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69
Walker Street, and Vienna, Austria. Sterling
silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls made up in new-
est designs. Catalogue FREE. Please mention PUCK. 259*

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TEMPERANCE DRINK in the world. TRY IT.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.

C. E. HIRES, PHILADELPHIA.

*625

WHERE WORK IS PLEASANT.

NEGLECTED WIFE.—Why don't you go to work?

HUSBAND (a ne'er-do-well).—I ain't got no tools.

NEGLECTED WIFE.—Deacon Smith offered you five dollars to fix his fence, and you have a saw, and a plane, and a hammer and nails. What more do you want?

HUSBAND.—The saw ain't no good, and I ain't got no file to sharpen it. Ole Smith kin fix his fence himself.

SAME HUSBAND (ten years later).—Hist! Say, wife, I've escaped from the penitentiary. Gimme some other clothes, so I kin light out agin.

WIFE.—My, my! How did you get out?

HUSBAND.—I dug forty feet underground with a two-tined fork, and then cut my way through two feet of stone wall and ten inches of boiler iron with a saw made out of a tin dinner-plate. —*New York Weekly.*

SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIANS

DOCTOR'S WIFE.—I understand that Dr. Cure-all confines himself strictly to office practice.

OLD DOCTOR.—Yes; that is why he succeeds. People who are able to walk to an office are generally strong enough to get well without help. —*New York Weekly.*

OF course every paper in the South will publish the fact that a Michigan mob broke open a jail and murdered a negro, filled his dead body with lead, and then hung it by the neck, and they will advise the administration to adopt a more vigorous policy in regard to the North. —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE published report that "there are fears that there will be rioting and bloodshed in Hayti," exhibits almost as remarkable an apprehension as that of the man who wanted to bet that the Democrats would carry Kentucky. —*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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for Magic Lantern. Direct photos on glass, 3 1/4 x 4 inches, 50 cts. each. Send for list.

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RAZOR Strop.

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OUR SPECIALTIES:

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Racquets: "Sears' Special," \$7.00; "Pettitt" (just out), \$5.50; "Longwood," \$4.00; "Park," \$3.00; "Surprise," \$2.00.

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[Size, 7x7 inches. Patent applied for.]

ERADICATES DANDRUFF.

It thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of all impurities, leaving both in a clean and healthy condition, simply by using with pure soap and water. It causes no irritation, as is often experienced from finger tips or a bristle brush. For bathing the neck and face, or children, it will be found delightful. It is made from a sheet of pure Para rubber, one side being formed into cylindrical teeth with a flat end and the whole as soft and pliant as a silk handkerchief. Price, 75 cents. Send us postal note and we will forward prepaid.

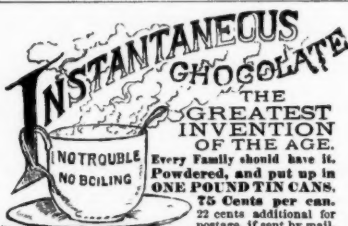
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132 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

"Having used your RUBBER SHAMPOO BRUSH in my Hair Dressing Rooms, in Boston and Fitchburg, I am fully convinced that it is just the article to be used by every one who is afflicted with dandruff or an itching scalp, as it entirely cures both, leaving the hair clean and in a healthy condition."

CHAS. BABBITT.

Beware of imitations. All our goods are marked: "Bailey's Brushes—Pat. applied for." 647

Mothers be sure and use MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle. 639



STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inventors and Sole Mfrs., 8 W. Cor. 15th & Market Sts. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

545

THE Presidential office is often referred to as the "shoes of Washington." The Prohibitionists, however, decline to go back so far since Washington's wine bills were published, and now speak of the "pumps of Hayes."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

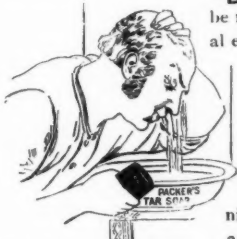
THE department has had the name of a Nevada post-office changed from "Dead Horse" to "Rosedale." Besides being "truly good," the department is sweetly sentimental.—*Boston Post*.

THE lion is the king of the forest, but the cow is the boss of the barn-yard.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

CHICAGO is crying for a "uniform divorce law." In Chicago the people are uniformly divorced now.—*St. Louis Critic*.

THE seas are drying up, according to Wiggins. We must reluctantly confess, however, that Wiggins is n't.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS**."



"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-deströying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. Prevents contagion. **25 cents.** Druggists, or

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Breakfast Cocoa

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No Chemicals

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W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Crosse & Blackwell's FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR,

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

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LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd., London.

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morning
**HAVE YOU
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REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER



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FIFTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD
and

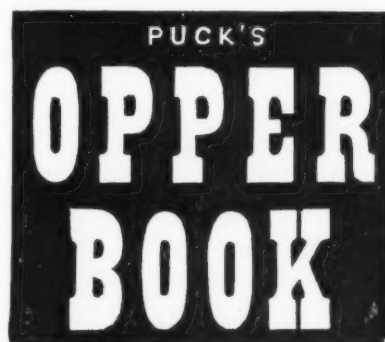
embraces the latest and highest achievements of inventive skill.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York.

THE LATEST FROM THE DIAMOND.

"Well," said Wright Field, as he took his overcoat to the pawnbroker, "here goes for three balls and a bat!"—*Yale Record*.

GOVERNOR BIGGS, of Delaware, owns 80,000 peach trees, but the politicians never ask for any thing but plums.—*Munsey's Weekly*.



The crustiest crank in Christendom can not look at a page of it without bursting into a wholesome, liver-loosening Christian laugh. 30 cents. All News-dealers. By mail, 35 cents.

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 IN ELEGANT
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 PACKAGES BY EXPRESS.
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STOMACH BITTERS,
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NOTES FROM THE SEA SERPENT'S DIARY.

The sea serpent took its diary

And glanced with an eye most fiery:

"On the 5th off Coney Island, on the 6th Penob-
 scot Bay,

Then a run up the broad Hudson just to see
 what people say.

On the 8th, near Newport Harbor, private view
 by Vanderbilt—

Mem.—The serpent is requested to have his
 tail regilt.

On the 9th within the tropics I must scare some
 sailor crew.

On the 10th off England's Brighton they must
 my full length view.

The 11th has four offers, but they growled at
 my charge.

For the 12th a drunken captain and to scare a
 picnic barge.

On the 13th there was inquiry as to cost for
 head alone

From a cheap John sort of showman who pre-
 tends my skin to own.

Really, what with competition and incredulity
 The business of a sea snake is not what it used
 to be."

—New York Herald.

FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

A well-known citizen, who is a wag in his
 way, was standing on the east portico of the
 City Hall the other day when a colored man
 came up and inquired:

"Boss, kin you dun tole me if dis are de place
 whar' dey pay taxes?"

"I can. This is the place where they used to
 pay taxes, but you won't have to pay any this
 year."

"Huh! Cost me fo' dollars last year."

"Yes, but you need n't pay any this year."

"Why?"

"Owing to the subserviency of the syndicate,
 the city has decided to emulate the consanguinity
 of the reflection and remit the taxes of all poor
 men."

The colored brother scratched his head and
 scraped his foot for a moment and then said:

"Boss, it may be all right, but I'll go inside
 and see. If it substantiates de propaganda, den
 I was werry much obliged. If de investigashun
 opiniones de sublimity, den I'll know you was
 fooling de ole man, an' de first time I hev a load
 of ole cans an' bottles to draw off, I'll dump it
 in yo' alley, suah!" —Detroit Free Press.

DIANA, hide thy prudish face;

In deep dejection grovel;

Another maid has sat her down

To write a modern novel.

—Merchant Traveler.

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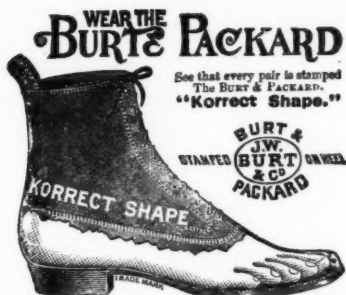
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DAUGHTER (a school-girl).—I feel awful sick. I missed all my lessons to-day except the physiology. I'm always perfect in physiology. Oh, dear, I feel awful!

"Why, what can be the matter? Have you eaten any thing unusual?"

"Only that two-pound box of candy uncle got me this morning."—*New York Weekly.*

REFLECTIONS AND CONVICTIONS.

THE creaking, squeaking water-cart goes on its daily rounds a-squealing and a-squawking till my anger knows no bounds. It begs and prays the driver its axles warm to grease, that it may travel easier and give the boys some peace. Oh, driver, gentle driver, prithee hearken to its call, grease your cart to-morrow morning ere it gives another squall! Bind its wheels in silent woollens like the buskins on your feet, or the writer of this essay will bind your winding-sheet.

WE noticed the P. M. on Sunday dishing out consolation to a number of the boys in the shape of shaving-tickets—the only reliable harbingers of approaching freedom.

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